

The Academy and Literature

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Notes

THERE are some strange omissions from the various series of reprints of standard fiction which are now being issued in such vast quantities and in such excellent style. All but two of Lord Beaconsfield's novels are out of copyright; yet I do not know of any one of them having been included in any cheap series. I am not, of course, referring to sixpenny reprints. Lord Lytton's "Pelham" is another instance—a work full of curious crudities, but at the same time nearly the equal in wit of Beaconsfield's "Vivian Grey." Theodore Hook is surely unjustly neglected; there is much good work in the two novels dealing with the fortunes of Gilbert Gurney. I should like also to see something of Carleton's and the Banims'. There is too great a tendency, in fact, to "follow my leader," with the result that the various series present a dull uniformity as regards the selection of works included. Of course, the publishers have to bear in mind that the public have a fondness for old friends, but I do believe that the occasional introduction of a new friend would meet with success.

It is good news that Sir Gilbert Parker has written a novel dealing with the days of Elizabeth, which, with the title "A Ladder of Swords," will be published in the autumn by Mr. Heinemann. The later years of the sixteenth century are surrounded by a halo of adventure and romance, yet to me the only work of fiction which breathes that atmosphere is "Westward Ho!" Whatever may be the shortcomings of that gallant story, it is Elizabethan in tone, though lacking the touch of brutality to make it actually historic. What success will Sir Gilbert Parker achieve? If he is giving us of his best we may look for a very strong work. But, is it wise to bring the Queen herself upon the stage? It is questionable whether it is wise or foolish to mingle real personages with imaginary; Shakespeare did it, but who else with success? Thackeray to a great extent in "Esmond," and Scott now and again; but our novelists are not all of their calibre. One of the finest works of historical fiction—"The Cloister and the Hearth"—does not depend for its historical atmosphere upon the introduction of historic figures, but it breathes the spirit of the age with which it dealt—there is the secret of success.

MRS. STEPNEY RAWSON, who writes so well herself, has some just words to say in the "Book Lover" on the subject of style:

"The way in which people generally—both writers and readers—talk about the importance of 'style' amazes

me. On this subject there seems to be here a general condition of bewilderment, there a state of complete misconception. What does Matthew Arnold say in that



MRS. VIOLET JACOB

same beautiful essay to which I alluded just now? 'The style . . . must draw its force directly from the pregnancy of the matter which it conveys.' I believe that if people generally, men and women, whether authors and readers, or only readers, were to pay a little more attention to the spoken word, and to seek to make their speech simple, vigorous, and pure as to mere English, there would be no nonsense at all talked about 'style,' and no desire would be evinced for that 'over-curioseness of expression' which, as Matthew Arnold again says, is the result of the 'excessive employment' of the literary gift, a distinction belonging to many very great writers, but also in many cases a distinction which becomes an excrescence."

"THE ETHICS OF SENSATIONAL FICTION" is the title and subject matter of an article by Mr. Arnold Smith in "The Westminster Review," who slightly mars a good case by too highly coloured statement. On the whole no one, I think, will refuse to join the writer in deploring not only the unhealthy tendency of much of the fiction of the day but also the fact that such stuff is increasing in popularity. The cause is not far to seek, for as Mr. Arnold Smith puts it: "the novel of adventure, with

pages reeking with blood and slaughter, delights a generation whose occupations are mainly sedentary." Yes, as exemplified by the thousands who watch cricket and football, rowing and wrestling. The contrast between the modern and the older story of adventure is certainly very damaging to the former. With few exceptions how ill the "adventurers" of to-day compare with such writers as Scott, Defoe, Marryat and others whose work was so wholesome and so full of fresh air. It is easy to laugh at old love-tales, with their other-world simplicity, but to-day our novels tend toward "the deification of the passion of love, the only definite teaching . . . being that it is right that the lover should violate duty, honour and conscience for the sake of the beloved." The increase of the criminal novel is not a healthy "sign of the times."

NOR is this, from the same article, too strongly worded: "This rubbish which fills our magazines and lies on every railway bookstall is a very morbid indication of the mental health of the public. It is a direct incentive to vice and it panders to the lowest taste." Indeed, the one object of too many of our purveyors of "popular" literature seems to be "anything for sensation sake." Not only is impossibility piled upon impossibility, but the whole moral tone of too much of our fiction is deplorably low; as Mr. Arnold Smith sums up: "It is safe to say that all the evil tendencies of the time in which we live are magnified and disseminated by a class of sensational fiction which excites the passions and dulls the reasoning powers, is directly antagonistic to morality, and in its ever-increasing bulk threatens to overwhelm all other forms of literature." The result is that the public palate is destroyed for the taste of good things, just as pure water becomes distasteful to the dram-drinker. Sensational dram-drinking is the literary vice of our time. The cure—? Who shall say?

IN "The Monthly Review" there is a very pleasing paper by Mr. H. G. Wells upon the late Mr. George Gissing, originally written as a preface to "Veranilda," the incomplete romance left by this admirable writer. As Mr. Wells justly points out, it is indeed the irony of fate that Gissing should have come to be looked on as "the master and leader of the English realistic school"; he has even been likened to Zola. The brief biographical details given here prove clearly enough to those to whom proof is needed that Gissing was anything but what he has been painted by popular imagination. It is a sad picture of a strong mind struggling with adversity. But this quotation will best show the charm and interest of Mr. Wells' labour of love:

"Two of his friends spent a spring-time holiday with him and his sister at Budleigh Salterton in 1897. He was then no longer the glorious, indefatigable, impracticable youth of the London flat, but a damaged and ailing man, full of ill-advised precautions against the imaginary illnesses that were his interpretation of a general *malaise*. As much as anything he was homesick for Italy. He was not actively writing then, but he had two or three great Latin tomes in which he read and dreamt, he was annotating the works of Cassiodorus, edicts and proclamations and letters written for Theodoric the Goth, and full of light upon the manners and daily life of the time. And as the friends wandered in the Devonshire lanes or along the red Devonshire cliffs he talked of Italy. His friends had not seen Italy. To all three of them Italy was as far almost as it had been for all the English world in 1800. There was a

day when they sat together by Lulworth Cove. He had been mourning the Italy he fancied he would never see again, and then he drew suddenly from his pocket an old pocket-book, and showed, treasured as one treasures the little things of those we love, a few scraps of paper that journey had left him: the empty cover of his railway tickets home, a flattened blossom from Hadrian's villa, a ticket for the Vatican Library, were chief among these things. He spoke as one speaks of a lost paradise. Yet before another year was over he had been through those experiences he has told so perfectly in 'By the Ionian Sea,' and all three of these friends had met again in Rome. In Rome he had forgotten most of his illnesses; he went about proudly as one goes about one's dearly-loved native city. There were tramps in the Campagna, in the Alban Hills, along the Via Clodia, and so forth, merry meals with the good red wine of Velletri or Grotta Ferrata; and now the romance was more fully conceived, and in the Forum, on the Palatine Hill, upon the Appian Way, he could talk of the closing chapters that will never now be written—of Rome plague-stricken and deserted, Rome absolutely desolate under the fear of the Gothic king."

"NEW SHAKESPEAREANA," the quarterly publication of the Shakespeare Society of New York, is interesting though occasionally amateurish. A tendency is shown throughout, as it is shown in so many quarters, to endeavour to find a meaning in everything Shakespeare wrote, and, as a rule, any meaning rather than the obvious. Is it really necessary, for example, to argue that Shakespeare could not have written in "Hamlet," I. ii. 160-1,

I am glad to see you well;
Horatio,—or do I forget myself?

And that "it is such a palpable absurdity that Hamlet should congratulate Horatio on the state of his health before he even knows who he is"? Did W. S. never make a slip with his pen? On the other hand, the note upon Lady Macbeth's "That which hath made them drunk," &c., is a pleasantly sane corrective to the wild view that the Thane's lady had been fortifying herself with strong liquor. But I really must warn the editor of this excellent journal against the contributor who sent him the first paragraph on page 111; it would occupy several paragraphs to point out the extraordinary blunders contained in this one. It would be well to submit such statements for correction to some writer acquainted with England.

MR. WILLIAM SHARP'S articles in "The Pall Mall Magazine" on "Literary Geography" are to be collected and issued in a permanent form by the proprietor of the "Pall Mall" publications. The series is to be divided into two parts, one dealing with the localities identified with the works of Dickens, George Eliot, Scott, Stevenson, the Brontës, Meredith, Thackeray, Carlyle and Watts-Dunton; and the other embracing certain notable areas with which a number of famous writers have been identified, such as the Thames Valley, the English Lakes and the Lake of Geneva. The work, which will be a small crown quarto of substantial proportions, will include the drawings made for this series by Mr. Hedley Fitton, Mr. M. Greiffenhagen, Mr. D. Y. Cameron, Mr. William Hyde and others, and it will appear early in October.

THE Egomet papers will be published in book form during the autumn by Mr. John Lane.

Bibliographical

MANY book-lovers of limited means—and the love of books, alas! is all too often in inverse ratio to the capacity for buying them—must have longed wistfully for Mr. Henry B. Wheatley's fine edition of Pepys' "Diary," which was issued in its nine handsome volumes, including the supplementary "Pepysiana," between 1893 and 1899. Now I see it is announced that Messrs. Bell & Sons promise a reissue in a cheaper form of this edition—the edition, as it may be considered, of the ingenuous diarist. Despite the various extant editions of Lord Braybrooke's "Pepys"—it can be bought in four volumes in Bohn's libraries, or in a single pocketable volume in Newnes' "Thin Paper Editions"—there should be a wide welcome for a tasteful and really moderate-priced issue of Mr. Wheatley's edition. The text always associated with the name of Braybrooke was described as "deciphered" from the original shorthand in the Pepysian Library at Cambridge by the Rev. J. Smith, and was first published in 1825, while the later and much fuller text, afterwards edited by Mr. Wheatley, was "transcribed" by the Rev. Mynors Bright, and first published in six volumes in 1875-79.

In a discussion which has been going on as to the supposed find of a new poem by Charles Lamb, there seems to me to be too great a readiness to decide against its claims. The piece in question is entitled "Dick Strype, or the Force of Habit, a Tale by Timothy Bramble," and it appeared in "The Morning Post" of January 6, 1802. The prime evidence in favour of Lamb's authorship is a sentence in a letter which he wrote to John Rickman (January 14, 1802), in which he said, referring to his connection with "The Morning Post," "I shall only do paragraphs, with now and then a slight poem such as 'Dick Strype,' if you read it, which was but a long Epigram." On the other side it has been pointed out that in one of several anthologies published about the middle of the century under the title of "Casket of Gems," the lines are credited to one Charles Westmacott. The evidence in favour of Westmacott is no stronger than that in favour of Lamb. The editor of the "Casket" took the piece from a volume published in 1823 with the title "Points of Misery; or, Fables for Mankind: Prose and Verse Chiefly Original. By Charles Westmacott" (illustrated by Robert Cruikshank). There is nothing to differentiate the original from the borrowed items—except in one instance, that of an article almost bodily lifted from a magazine of a few months earlier—and I feel convinced that "Dick Strype" was among the latter. There are a few slight changes made from "The Morning Post" version; half-a-dozen topically pointed lines are omitted, the line "And curs'd Rebecca" is altered to "And scolded oft Rebecca," while the name of the tobacconist referred to becomes "Wishart" instead of "Kirkman." In the omitted lines are satiric references to Pitt and Wilberforce, both of whom Lamb referred to in another letter as "public and fair game." I have been unable to ascertain the date of Westmacott's death, or to find any biographical particulars about him. Were such ascertainable, they might help to decide the question.

Charles Molloy Westmacott, by the way, finds no place in the "D. N. B.," though his authorship, under the pen-name of Bernard Blackmantle, of "The English Spy" should have entitled him to that dignity. A reprint of that work—with Robert Cruikshank's many illustrations—is, I notice, to be included in Messrs.

Methuen's "Pocket Library of Plain and Coloured Books." In 1826 Westmacott issued "The St. James's Royal Magazine" as a kind of sequel to "The English Spy."

Mention has been made of the fact that the forthcoming life and letters of the Rev. Robert Stephen Hawker, of Morwenstow, will include a full account which Hawker wrote of a visit paid him by Alfred Tennyson. This was during the tour of the latter in Cornwall in 1848, and his note of the visit is brief enough to be worth recalling at this moment. "June 2nd. Took a gig to Rev. R. S. Hawker at Morwenstow, passing Comb Valley, fine view over sea, coldest manner of Vicar till I told my name, then all heartiness. Walk on cliffs with him, told of shipwreck." Which told the other we may learn from the lesser poet's narrative. Hawker of Morwenstow has not been, so far, altogether fortunate in his biographers. The "Life" by Mr. Baring-Gould, which is better known than that by Mr. F. G. Lee (1876), was suppressed in its first form (1875) and revised before being reissued (twice) in 1876. Something of a Hawker "cult" has formed within late years:—In 1893 his prose works were published in a small volume; in 1899 his complete "Poetical Works" were issued, and in the same year came a further new and revised edition of Mr. Baring-Gould's "Life," while as recently as last year there was a new edition of Hawker's "Footprints of Former Men in Cornwall."

WALTER JERROLD.

Forthcoming Books, &c.

A new edition of Mr. Earl Hodgson's "Trout-fishing" will ere long be issued by Messrs. A. & C. Black. It will contain a new chapter on the theory of the dry fly, and an appendix giving a list of dressings of the lures in "the model book of flies" which, reproduced in colour by Mr. Mortimer Menpes, has attracted considerable attention.—Mr. H. B. George has written a book dealing with the historical geography of the British Empire, which will be published by Messrs. Methuen. In it he describes in outline the British Empire with its component parts so grouped as to show forth the diversity of their relations to the mother country, and brings into special relief the unique character of the empire, both politically and geographically.—The first part of "The Vicomte de Bragelonne" is now ready in Messrs. Methuen's newly translated series of Dumas' works. This first part is issued at one shilling and contains 468 pages, while the second part will be of about equal length.—We understand that Mr. Richard Kearton is now hard at work writing his new Nature story book, and that it will be published by Messrs. Cassell & Co. during the autumn.—A new work by Messrs. Hutchinson & Co. in two volumes, from the pen of Mr. Fitzgerald Molloy, entitled "The Romance of Royalty," is announced for early publication. The book mainly deals with the careers of such hapless rulers as King Ludwig II. of Bavaria, Queen Isabella of Spain, Napoleon III., and the Emperor Maximilian. The work will be fully illustrated with portraits.—Messrs. Hutchinson & Co. will also publish shortly a novel entitled "Snares," by a new writer—Miss Winifred Crispe.—"From a Holiday Journal" is the title of a new book by the late Mrs. E. T. Cook, author of "Highways and Byways in London," &c., to be published very shortly by Mr. George Allen at 10s. 6d. net. It will be illustrated with six pictures in colour and six photogravure plates, from sketches and photographs by the author. The subjects of "From a Holiday Journal" are chiefly continental. "The Inn Album," "Some Old Guide-Books," and "The Gentle Art of Packing" are among the chapters.—On August 22 Mr. T. Fisher Unwin will publish a cheap three-and-sixpenny net edition of Mr. Justin McCarthy's "British Political Leaders."

Reviews

Airy

A HISTORY OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. Vol. II. By Marcus R. P. Dorman. (Kegan Paul. 12s. net.)

THE UNCONSIDERED trifles of the Record Office are finding an assiduous Autolykus in Mr. Marcus Dorman, who has secured fresh material for his second volume, dealing with the campaigns of Wellington and the policy of Castlereagh, by diligent research among the dust of the early nineteenth century. The value of his book lies in the *trouvailles* to which he makes claim.

The nature of these, all of which have reference to the Napoleonic wars, may readily be indicated. The doubtful point of the extent of Canning's information before sending a British fleet to Copenhagen is now settled by a quotation from a despatch which makes it clear that he had no knowledge then of the maritime league decided on by Bonaparte and the Emperor of Russia. It is also shown that Alexander was confident of the failure of Napoleon's Russian expedition:

"He [Alexander] then made some astounding proposals to the English Minister. He suggested that if . . . Russia acquired territory as far as the banks of the Vistula, he hoped it would be guaranteed to her. Cathcart was absolutely staggered by the proposal, which showed plainly that the Czar was still confident of success, although Napoleon, at the head of an enormous army, was in the midst of his country."

Another record that has leaped to light is a letter from a secret agent of England in Prussia, dated September 22, 1809, which makes it evident that the British Government aided the secret societies of Prussia with funds. This, like other documents of the same kind, was signed in a false name, and "the transactions are described as though they relate to commercial operations, and the establishment of a bank in Bohemia." The private information thus gained did not, however, prevent the ill-starred Walcheren expedition.

Is there anything inherent in the nature of history that foredooms so many of its most intelligent students to a painful aridity of style? It is only an occasional Lecky who can make his chronicles attractive as literature. Mr. Dorman is no more successful, from this point of view, than the average writer of school textbooks; nothing could well be more dull than the monotonous flow of his narrative. Yet the facts of a period so eventful as that comprised in the volume before us easily lend themselves to effective grouping.

Mr. Dorman's ill-proportioned sketch of social conditions during the first quarter of the nineteenth century would, were its position in the book exchanged with that of the chapter preceding it, form a fitting transition from his laboriously careful treatment of political events to his airy opinions on literature. Perhaps, like another sober historian of our day, he divides all books into two classes, works of history (together with a few "useful" treatises on allied subjects) and—other books. Shelley alone appears to be exempt from Mr. Dorman's criticism. After mentioning the titles of a few of his less-known works, our historian leaves him with the touching comment that "he had fought steadily against the shackles of life; he was soon to gain the freedom of death." But other poets are less lightly handled. With what looks like subtle irony, Mr. Dorman groups together Wordsworth, Coleridge and Southey, with the explanation that "their works are distinctly original,

their mode of life was free and unconventional, and their command of words very great." Of Coleridge he plaintively remarks: "His works are indeed pure literature, with a meaning simple, perhaps, to the writer, but not to the reader. It is, for example, impossible to discover the meaning or moral of 'The Ancient Mariner.' Why should the Wedding Guest have been delayed, and why should the Ancient Mariner be doomed to tell such a gruesome story in such beautiful language?" In presence of such amazing dicta criticism can only find breath to murmur "What are Keats?"

SIDNEY THOMPSON.

American Studies

THE AMERICAN COLONIES IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

By Herbert L. Osgood. (Macmillan. 21s. net.)

HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. By Henry William Elson. (Macmillan. 7s. 6d. net.)

THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE. By Ripley Hitchcock. (Ginn. 3s. 6d.)

IN THIS scientific age history is being treated more and more as a science, and the words "dramatic" and "picturesque" are, when applied to historians, terms of reproach. Yet no less a judge than the late Dr. Mandell Creighton asserted that "No guide is so sure for the historian as an overmastering sense of the importance of events as they appeared to those who took part in them." If Creighton be in the right, then is Professor Osgood's method somewhat at fault, for he approaches his subject from the standpoint of the modern judicial historian, and there is in his grave and thoughtful pages little of the quick-pulsing passion of adventurous days. The men who founded the American colonies were zealots, pioneers, and occasionally outlaws, and it is scarcely probable that in their struggles with starvation and the Indians they were pre-eminently concerned with the technical details of the legal, financial and military systems which gradually developed under novel conditions. Professor Osgood, however, looks on the colonies chiefly as they illustrate the working out of certain political tendencies, and he is best pleased when he can regard his human beings merely as factors of his problem. The result is a closely studied and extremely valuable contribution to political history, not a book which will ever suggest to the uninitiated reader the mighty drama of a nation's life. It would be the height of unreason to quarrel with an author for having fulfilled to admiration the task which he has set himself. Professor Osgood did not undertake to provide his readers with a narrative enthralling as Parkman's, but to "interpret early American history in the terms of public law," and he has brought to his work the most unwearying industry, a fine grasp of essentials, and a lucidity of style the more remarkable because of the great complexity of his theme. The story of the chartered colonies and proprietary provinces of America presents many differentiations of interest to the students of institutional history. Professor Osgood has followed out with closeness the gradual modifications and approximations which made possible a final harmony among elements so varying as Massachusetts with its theocratic ideals and sectarian rigidity, Rhode Island in the spiritual vision and political incertitude learned of Roger Williams, Philadelphia and Maryland achieving practical tolerance under the widely sundered influences of Quaker and Catholic; New Jersey with its democratic tendencies and

New York rendered singular by its Dutch traditions and autocratic spirit. Nor do these volumes make clear the broad distinctions alone; they trace every detail of legal development and financial and military policy. The

the specialist but to the general reader. Whether or not the general reader will respond must be left to that enigmatic personage, but the book seems well adapted to school use and would be on the whole a reliable



PORTRAIT OF CARDINAL BIBBIENI. PRADO, MADRID

[Illustration from "Raphael" (Newnes)]

chapters dealing with the religious aspects of New England are the most vital in the book, possibly because those stern enthusiasts held their faith so intensely that the human interest cannot be lost sight of in those dogmatic controversies which seem now so harsh and barren. Throughout the book, of whose scope and weight this brief notice can give no real conception, the reader is impressed with the political instinct of the race which in alien surroundings framed so soon the needful structure of a commonwealth.

Mr. Elson attempts to give in small compass a history of the United States from earliest days to the close of the Spanish War. His wish has been to appeal not to

volume of reference. Occasional slight errors have crept in and the characterisation is at times superficial and therefore misleading. The actual events, especially the battles of the Civil War, are given with no little spirit and in the main with commendable accuracy, yet there are some notable omissions in the study of the discovery of the Great West, especially in the allusions to Canada. In his desire to impart a literary grace to his careful work, Mr. Elson has now and again been betrayed into unfortunate flights of rhetoric, but these are occasional and do not greatly detract from the value of the book as a good specimen of the concrete and somewhat anecdotal form of history. "The Louisiana Purchase" makes but

a modest appearance beside its bulky neighbours, but proves to be a very satisfactory little volume, giving a clear and straightforward account of the complicated relations of Spain, France, England and America as shown by the history of Louisiana. The story is clear and vivid, and the author has an eye for character, national and individual.

DORA GREENWELL McCHESNEY.

COLLECTIONS OF PROVERBS, FOLKLORE AND SUPERSTITIONS; ALSO COMPILATIONS TOWARDS DICTIONARIES OF PROVERBIAL PHRASES AND WORDS OLD AND DISUSED. By Vincent Stuckey Lean. Five Volumes. (Arrow-smith. £5 5s. net.)

To be entirely critical of this collection is almost impossible. It is not, in the first place, a collection of proverbs, because it contains many trite and clever sayings which Mr. Lean has thought worthy of being quoted as containing proverbial wisdom; it is not, secondly, a collection of dialect words and phrases, because Mr. Lean did not go to the people for his material but to his books. Then, again, the arrangement is neither scientific nor upon a plan which conforms to any ideal, literary or general. But nevertheless Mr. Lean's work, and it appears to have been a life's work, is most interesting, and his executors have done well to publish it. The five goodly volumes, if they are not exactly what we would wish, are companions for those who see philosophy and old-world delights in proverbs and old sayings, and they bring together from many sources delightful fragments of well-expressed thoughts.

Some of the local proverbs relating to the English people are very good reading for those who are apt to be all too insular even in these cosmopolitan days. "Jack would be a gentleman if he could speak French" expresses an enormous deal in one sentence, while "as wanton as an Englishman after a long peace" will come home to many of us after the experience of the late war. The various districts of England have their proverbial sayings, some of them expressing ancient ideas of some value. Bucks is still entitled to the adjective "rich Buckingham" and to the expression "Buckinghamshire bread and beef"; but why "Buckingham great fools" we know not. The old conflict between Oxford and Cambridge is represented by several good sayings, while "Cambridgeshire full of pikes" is reminiscent of old days when this county was almost uncivilised compared with the rest of England.

Mr. Lean passes from localities to proverbs and popular sayings relating to the calendar and natural phenomena. Women, of course, come in for their share of proverbial sayings. "Witty women are sweet companions," "Without women men can't be," "She is a woman and nothing is impossible" appear to us to contain much wisdom in a few words. There are, however, other proverbial views of woman which do not flatter her and which cannot have grown up under her own care—a point which bears upon the important question of natural antagonism in sex which scientific writers are now seeking to prove.

In the second volume Mr. Lean deals with folklore, superstitions, omens and popular customs. Folklorists will find nothing new here, nor will they appreciate Mr. Lean's collection under this head. It contains items on good luck and unluck, love and marriage, times and seasons, wishes, signs from physical characteristics, divinations, charms, evil eye, vulgar specifics, death warnings, funeral customs and superstitious beliefs. There is therefore plenty for the general student to work at. Mr. Lean gives as a Devonshire belief that the

seventh daughter possesses powers of curing ailments—a belief generally associated with the seventh son, and it would be interesting to trace out the origin and effect of this belief. Does it, for instance, exclude the seventh-son belief, or is it simply that the old idea of the seventh son has in modern times become attached also to the seventh daughter?

Mr. Lean's last two volumes are collections of dialect words and phrases and English aphorisms. They do not appear to us to be very valuable, though they are extraordinarily interesting. The fact is, Mr. Lean's industry is so great that we may overlook faults in other directions; and as he deals with a subject of everlasting interest to those who delight in the natural expressions of a people's thoughts, wishes and fears, there is plenty of opportunity for forgetting what is not good in these five volumes. There are, at all events, two very excellent features—a good list of authorities and a good index.

LAURENCE GOMME.

Art Periodicals

"THE CONNOISSEUR." (Amalgamated Press, Ltd. 1s. net.)

"THE BURLINGTON MAGAZINE." (The Savile Publishing Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

"THE ARTIST ENGRAVER." (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.)

"THE CONNOISSEUR" for August contains a most illuminating article by Mrs. Willoughby Hodgson on the vexed question of the flower painting on china of Billingsley and Pardoe, and I fancy that West-Country collectors will be won over by her clear and convincing proofs and the charm of her utterance. Mr. Clouston continues his interesting furniture articles on the brothers Adam, and if he would only reject the dreadful words "the former" and "the latter" from his dictionary for ever his style would be vastly enhanced—they are unforgivable words, and the sentence that contains them stands self-condemned for slovenliness as a slattern with down-at-heels boots. Mr. Martin Hardie's article on Morland contains an exquisite little portrait of that poor drunken genius by Rowlandson; but I do not think that half the critics realise how great a landscape-painter the man was, whilst his popularity is really founded on his rather commonplace subjects. It is good to see that Mr. Clayton Calthrop and Mr. Pownall continue their excellent series on English Costume—we hope they will give us a complete review of the English years. Cardiff is a most fortunate town in possessing Mr. Pyke Thompson's superb collection of watercolours, if we are to judge them by the splendid examples of Varley and Girtin and other masters here illustrated.

In the "Burlington Magazine" for August Mr. Clouston again gives us an interesting article on the furniture of the seventeen hundreds. We wish, by the way, that the illustrations could be placed opposite to the text. Mr. Clouston falls foul of the association of walnut with the Queen Anne age, and of mahogany with the Chippendale. But surely walnut is a far better term for William and Mary and Queen Anne and George I. and II. than is the term Queen Anne. Surely also it does not mislead any but the merely academic into thinking that there is a rigid line between walnut and mahogany—we only speak of the age of mahogany when we mean that mahogany came into general use. The age of oak does not mean that no oak was ever again used in England after James II.'s death. A series of articles on the Constantine Ionides Bequest begins in this number; and a paper on Italian pictures in Sweden is the means whereby we get an illustration of Di Cosimo's fine "Madonna and Child."

The third number of "The Artist Engraver" gives us a lithograph by Mr. Hartrick which no collector of black-and-white should miss—which in itself is well worth the price of this very handsome portfolio. The subtlety of line and of tone, the beauty of treatment, the masterly character-drawing place this lithograph at the topmost achievement of this brilliant man's work. The very finger-tips of the man, the hard ball-like horny finger-tips, are symbols of the heavy work of the fields. The lines of the coat, the telling tender feeling of the lines that limn the rugged face, the stupid head of the ewe, all these things are set down with an emotional delight in the doing that makes the design a joy to possess. And if the other prints are commonplace and a little mediocre, excepting the half-success of Mr. Strang's mother bathing her child, it seems to matter little when set against the possession of this beautiful thing.

HALDANE MACFALL.

THE HISTORY OF AMERICAN MUSIC. By Louis C. Elson. (Macmillan. 21s.)

THIS is a transatlantic publication of imposing proportions which is naturally calculated to appeal more readily to American than to British readers. The work forms one volume of a series dealing with various phases of American art, and while not free from a suggestion of padding here and there, sets forth in a sufficiently readable form the uneventful history of American music from the period of its beginnings in what the author describes as the "rigid, narrow and often commonplace psalm-singing of New England." How comparatively brief has been the course of American musical history at present may be gathered from the fact that a famous musician still living is named as having practically introduced grand opera in New York. This is Manuel Garcia, now in his hundredth year, who presented "The Barber of Seville" to the New Yorkers in 1825, through the agency of a company including his daughter, afterwards world-famous as Madame Malibran, among its members. But before this, of course, there had been operatic performances of a sort in New York. As long previously as 1750 indeed the "Beggar's Opera" had been given there with success. Still for Garcia has been claimed the title of America's operatic Columbus, and the fact is not a little interesting in view of the circumstance that he still happily survives. Another famous name associated with New York opera is that of Da Ponte, who will live for ever in the history of music as the librettist of "Don Giovanni." He laboured in the interests of Italian opera and Italian literature in New York in the beginning of the last century and lived on, it seems, till 1838. Speaking generally, however, the record which Mr. Elson unfolds does not contain many names of historical note or interest. Dealing with contemporary composers, the author accords high honour, as one would expect, to such masters of their art as Chadwick, MacDowell and Horatio Parker, all of whom, it may be noted, though American by birth, received their musical training in Germany—Chadwick under Reinecke and Jadassohn, Parker under Rheinberger, and MacDowell under Ehlort and Raff. Another composer favourably referred to, besides the veteran Professor Paine (born in 1839), is Arthur Foote, who has, however, not yet succeeded in getting his name across the Atlantic, though we are assured that in his suite for orchestra in D minor "he equals any composer of this form—even Franz Lachner"! How Wagner would have smiled to read this sentence! There is indeed a good deal of quiet humour of the undesigned

order within the pages (and between the lines) of this portly volume, which, however, will doubtless fulfil successfully enough its purposed function.

THE LETTERS OF JOHN HUS. With introductions and explanatory notes by Herbert B. Workman and R. Martin Pope. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.)

WE have nothing but praise for this admirable translation. Mr. Pope, we are given to understand, is mainly responsible for it, while the life, introductions and collation of texts have been done by Mr. Workman, to whom also are to be attributed the chronological arrangement and the notes. Excellent as is the translation, we find in Mr. Workman's department nothing left undone which might make him a worthy collaborator. The letters of the Bohemian reformer are written, of course, in Latin—of a style that is full of pitfalls for the unwary; for, apart from the man's temperament, he involved himself sometimes in intentional obscurity lest his epistles should fall into hostile hands. In spite of manifold difficulties Mr. Pope has rendered the letters into an English of which the A.V. is the exemplar, with such success that they may be read, as the originals never could have been read, for sheer pleasure in their literary form.

As a forerunner, contemporary with Wyclif, of the revolt against ecclesiastical authority which came to a head a century later, Hus is necessarily vague, fragmentary and inconsistent. His outcry is mainly against manifest abuses, against the lax lives of many of the clergy, against the ignorant abuse of indulgences, against pluralities and simonies. He is urgent from time to time in defence of his orthodoxy; sometimes he is vehement in declamation against a casual pulpit utterance, on the part of some chance preacher, in which it is easy to see justification in some plain "distinguo." He is no scholar. To Wyclif is due a great part of the learning incorporated in his books, and for the rest he depends upon the great mediæval text-book, the "Decretum" of Gratian. But in the letters, and particularly in those written from the shadow of his prison at Constance, appears the personality of the man in his strength of honest purpose, in the tenderness of his affections, and even in his weakness. In his case, as in the case of so many others, it is the private, the occasional, utterance that gains a quasi-immortality, while the pondered deliberate treatise is left to the moths and worms.

Fiction

THE PHILANTHROPIST. By John F. Causton. (Lane, 6s.) "The Philanthropist" belongs to that class of fiction which places a small section of society under the microscope and contemplates its every movement and thought. It depends for its success on the exactly truthful account it renders of the particular section under observation. Such a novel is necessarily restricted in scope and can hardly hope to appeal to the many. This is why we doubt if Mr. Causton's novel will achieve the popularity or recognition it undoubtedly deserves. "The Philanthropist" carries with it the stamp of truth, of keen observation and insight. It is a story of a small suburban Methodist congregation and its pastor, a study of conventional religion. The three characters around whom the story is woven are Raymond Loftus, his wife and daughter. Loftus himself is a cleverly drawn type of the childishly vain, weak-as-water man who bolsters up religion to suit his own convenience and calls loudly on the Almighty to extricate him from the difficulties into which his own selfish and sensual indulgence has plunged him. The influence which his moral and physical wobbings

exert over his worldly wife is cleverly indicated. Maggie, the daughter, is perhaps the least well drawn character in the book. She fails to interest us or leave a clearly defined image in our mind. The petty squabbles and backbitings, the scandalmongering and lack of charity among the chapel members are faithfully depicted. As a picture of life it is rather disheartening; as an indictment against the religion according to the word only, is it deserved? Only Mr. Causton has elected to depict in the pages of his novel so many of the ugly sides of life that we lose sight of the silver lining to the cloud. It is there, but Mr. Causton ignores it. A little more light and brightness would have improved a book that is already in many respects a fine piece of work—a serious contribution to literature.

A BACHELOR IN ARCADY. By Halliwell Sutcliffe. (Unwin, 6s.) The art of weaving a fairy story round and about ordinary flesh and blood folk is as rare as it is delightful. The Arcady of Mr. Sutcliffe, although nominally in modern Yorkshire, is really contiguous to Cockaigne, and adjacent to that delectable land where, if it be not always afternoon, it is at least mostly mid-day. In common with a certain tinker, Mr. Sutcliffe has no tale to tell; and he tells it altogether delightfully. Just a man and a maid, a bachelor and a "Babe," with the inevitable and entirely desirable result; but the love story is quite subservient to the sympathetic nature notes carefully, and for the most part accurately, recorded of the flower garden, the kitchen garden, and the farmyard through four successive seasons. The author has the sanest sympathy with dogs. "They come and talk to you in an open undissembling way, and persevere if your smell is an honest and a grateful one. If you have no doggy corner in your heart they will not trouble you for long; but if you have they will go forward, patiently and uncomplainingly, with the labour of teaching you their speech." Again, he writes knowledgeably of mowing, one of the finest and most useful exercises in the world. "To scent the good grass-fragrance, to feel the blade go sliding with a soft compelling magic through the sward—the animal joy of it alone is mighty." The subordinate characters, Tom Lad, Stylesey, and the Squire, come into the picture effectively, and are as much like human beings as Oberon or Titania. Judged, as it is obviously meant to be judged, as a fairy tale, the book is a pure delight. The writing is amazingly clever; if it were less clever it would be a deal more convincing, which would be most undesirable.

DAS GESPENST UNSERER ZEIT. Sozialer Roman von Heinrich Keller. (Berlin: Fleischel, 5m.) The spectre to which the title refers is socialism. A French critic has put on record that in sympathy with the modern scientific spirit the novel, although it will continue to relate a story, will also convey philosophical, psychological or social ideas. Keller's novel is evidently written in harmony with this doctrine to present certain social ideas. It is guiltless of artistic merit and the thread of the story merely serves to illustrate the author's arguments in favour of socialism, of equal rights for all. However, he takes a somewhat original view of the social situation in demonstrating that all ranks of workers, not only artisans and the proletariat, but both the big and small tradesmen and manufacturers, the heads of great businesses and factories, are all equally struggling for existence under the perversity of present-day conditions. The foremost figure in the book is Anton Kramberger, the son of a workman. He has been compelled to look on impotently at his father's ruin through loss of work, and, shaken also by personal sorrows, determines to inquire into the causes of these things, and to attempt to cure them. He observes the unhappy fate of all sorts and conditions of workers, peasants, manufacturers, members of the learned professions, big and little tradesmen, well-to-do merchants, working women and factory hands, with all of whom he comes into more or less close relations. He recognises the pressure that falls on all alike, on the richest as on the poorest, and sees the consequences in hunger, undermined health, crime, debauchery, prostitution and the lowering of the matrimonial relation, for marriage has become an article of commerce. Anton

determines to work for the common good in order to create a system in which such terrible things should have no existence. He becomes the leader in a movement which aims at improving the position of all workers and of giving equal rights to all. The book closes with his maiden speech in the Reichsrath (the scene of the novel is laid in Vienna) in which he narrates all that he has himself observed and experienced, and demonstrates that the so-called upper classes have no reason to fear a change in the existing order of society, but that they, in common with all the rest, have every reason to desire a change. Certainly throughout the course of the book every one is in difficulties, every one is discontented and unhappy. The only man who issues out of the slough of despond into which his business affairs have dragged him does so through a rich, loveless marriage that, while it ensures his material welfare and that of those dependent on him, wrecks the happiness of his soul. No one would dream of denying that the things described in this book ought not to exist in civilised society, but we are not sure that we are prepared to agree with Keller that socialism is the remedy.

Short Notices

RAPHAEL. With introduction by Edgcumbe Staley. (Newnes' Art Library, 3s. 6d. net.) "The birth of even a great art genius must stand in some connection with the spirit of his time and nation." Yet there are critics who would persuade us that art and history are in no way related to each other. It matters not one little bit when a painter lived, nor what was his nationality, they argue; if a picture does not appeal directly to the observer without these extraneous aids it is not a work of art. But a picture, if it is a genuine art-work, is a revelation by a man who has seen "God face to face," and does it not help us to get a step nearer the truth if we have some knowledge of the world of time and space in which that God-in-art worked? The editor of Messrs. Newnes' Art Library has gauged to a nicety the existing relationship between history and art, and the Raphael volume in this series fulfils every demand that can be made on a publisher of a series of art monographs at the low price of 3s. 6d. In a short introduction Mr. Edgcumbe Staley cleverly manages to give the atmosphere of the age in which Raphael lived and worked, and the numerous well-produced illustrations following the letterpress exhibit that master's genius for presenting the eternal in early sixteenth-century garb. The arrangement of the reproductions is excellent; the pictures in the various art centres occupy succeeding pages in the book. When we have made Raphael pilgrimages to Paris, Florence, Rome, Naples, Berlin and Madrid it is easy to understand this painter's influence on the later art generations, which culminated in the revolution of the Pre-Raphaelite Brethren. If we single out from the illustrations those depicting the Madonna as worthy of special notice, it is only because Raphael's types of the Blessed Virgin and Child have never been excelled, even though they may have been equalled by Leonardo da Vinci. In them we see human affection embracing divine love, and instinctively we rejoice in that we are mortal wayfarers journeying to the land of the immortals.

HISTORY OF THE HIGH SCHOOL OF STIRLING. By A. F. Hutchison, M.A. (Stirling: Eneas Mackay, 21s.) The High School of Stirling, as at present constituted, dates only from 1854; but the lately deceased author of this volume—who was its rector for thirty years—traces its predecessors and congeners so far back that he justifies his sub-title: "Eight Centuries of Scottish Education." It is this part of the volume which renders the work of far wider interest than could be attached to the history of a single scholastic institution; and though the Sons of the Rock, as the Stirling people proudly call themselves, may feel honest satisfaction in the record of their High School, and not a little pride in the eminent men who have been trained there, the supreme value of Mr. Hutchison's book is, as has been said, its

survey of Scottish education from its beginning, at the monastery of Candida Casa, founded in 397 A.D., down through the Church seminaries till notice is found of schools at Stirling and Perth in the first half of the twelfth century. Laboriously gathered details of school life and methods before the Reformation make interesting reading; and then, from the Reformation onwards, the story revolves round the school which is the subject of this volume, practically continuous records being available. Of these Mr. Hutchison has made excellent use, and his book is a remarkably concise and thorough contribution to the history of that education of which the Scottish people are so proud. The book, which is handsomely got up, well illustrated, and indexed in a business-like fashion, contains a brief memoir of the author, from the pen of the Rev. Dr. Robertson, who speaks highly of Mr. Hutchison's services to education. And certainly this volume justifies the eulogium passed on its author's industry and patient power of research.

PAGAN IRELAND. By Eleanor Hull. (Nutt, 3s. 6d. net.) This little volume is the first of the series Epochs of Irish History, and if the succeeding volumes are as admirable as the first the series will render excellent service to a good cause. The chapters in the book were written for the young folk of the Gaelic League, and Miss Hull modestly ventures the hope "that perhaps other Irish men or women and children might like to know them too." If they be not very difficult to please they assuredly will welcome Miss Hull's pleasant pages. The author has undertaken the troublesome task of drawing a miniature picture of the laws and customs of Pagan Ireland and of retelling in simple words the legends of the ancient kings, a task which she has accomplished with great skill, as was to be expected from the author of "The Cuchullin Saga in Irish Literature." All students of folk-lore and all lovers of legendary tales will be grateful for this capital text-book of and introduction to a difficult study, "for if on the Plains of Heaven an Irish king wearied for the stories of his ancestors, why should not the children of Erin care to hear them in the Valleys of Earth?"

Reprints and New Editions

More excellent reprints of poetry and of fiction. I do not remember to have seen a prettier book than **THE CHRISTIAN YEAR**, as newly dressed by the Astolat Press (3s. net). Cover, type, printing, paper—all admirable, and a reproduction of a Madonna and Child from a silver-point drawing by Raphael for frontispiece. When the Christmas season comes again this volume will be in large demand for present purposes. Then, from Messrs. Blackie come **COWPER** and **HERRICK**, in the Red Letter Library (2s. 6d. each net), of which series I have already had occasion to speak highly. Mrs. Meynell has been fitly chosen to write the introduction to these two welcome old friends. Herrick is set down as a "poet of fancy; but of poets of fancy the sprightliest, and—the word is not too great—the noblest." I am glad to read, from the pen of one so well equipped to judge, such downright praise of one whom it has become too much the fashion to look upon as merely a pretty player with pretty words; it is so easy to disparage and so difficult to praise justly. Thomas Moore is another who has too often been laughed out of court; but his lyrics live. How many of those to-day will achieve long life? As for Cowper, he is not one of my favourites, but I am glad to see him so well set out. These volumes now make a very pretty row upon my bookshelves; they are very good.—What shall I say of **THE MILITARY ADVENTURES OF JOHNNY NEWCOME** (Methuen, 3s. 6d. net)? The volume can hardly be counted as literature, but owns an antiquarian interest in the coloured sketches by Rowlandson, which are very quaint. This Illustrated Pocket Library of Plain and Coloured Books already contains many welcome volumes, and I am glad to note among those in active preparation "The

Vicar of Wakefield," with Rowlandson's plates, "The English Spy," and other reproductions of rare and interesting works.—From Messrs. Blackie I receive two comely volumes (2s. 6d. each): George Eliot's **SCENES OF CLERICAL LIFE**, and Morier's **HAJJI BABA OF ISPAHAN**. The introductions are brief, but on the whole adequate. I demur, however, to the setting down of Lewes as "superficial"; he was so sometimes, but by no means always; and most critics would, I think, put George Eliot in a higher place than Charlotte Brontë. The illustrations to the first-named volume are by Chris Hammond; to the latter by H. R. Millar, and are in both cases admirable and suitable.—Then, in Routledge's Half-Forgotten Books I find Michael Scott's **THE CRUISE OF THE MIDGE** (2s.), with an introduction by E. A. Baker, who brackets our author with Marryat and Cooper; but to my mind the former of the last two stands head and shoulders above all other writers of sea stories, if for no other reason in that he had a splendid gift of humour; Smollett, of course, comes into a different category, for he sacrificed realism to—well, various interests. Is there any necessity for the list of dramatis personæ? If I cannot follow a story without such assistance I prefer not to follow it at all.

F. T. S.

New Books Received

Theological and Biblical

Harper, W. R., *The Structure of the Text of the Book of Amos* (University of Chicago Press), \$1.00 net.

Poetry, Criticism, Drama, and Belles-Lettres

Trares, G. J., *O'er Southern Seas* (Drane), 6/0.
Ryan, W. P., *Plays for the People* (Dublin: Gill), 1/0 net.

History and Biography

Stead, A. (edited), *Japan by the Japanese* (Heinemann), 20/0 net.

Travel and Topography

Boehm, Sir E. C., *The Persian Gulf and South Sea Isles* (Cox), 6/0.

Art

Bryan's Dictionary of Painters and Engravers, Vol. IV. (Bell), 21/0 net.

Educational

Winstedt, E. O. (edited), *Corneli Nepotis Vitæ* (Oxford Press), 1/6 and 2/0.
Taylor, W. R., *Synthetical Maps* (Black), 0/1 each.

Miscellaneous

Hutchinson, H. G. (edited), *Fishing*, 2 vols. (Newnes), 12/6 per vol.
The Jewish Encyclopedia, Vol. VII. (Funk & Wagnall).
Villiers, B., *The Opportunity of Liberalism* (Unwin), 1/0 net.
Robertson, A. J., *A B C of Golf* (Drane), 1/0.
Esher, K.C.B., *Viscount, National Strategy* (Humphreys), 0/6.
Annual Report of the Peabody Institute, Baltimore.
Owen, J. A., *Birds in their Seasons* (Routledge), 2/6 net.
McIver, D. G., *Bulb Culture* (Dawbarn & Ward), 0/6 net.
Wall, J. C., *Devils* (Methuen), 4/6 net.

Fiction

Stevens, Nina, "The Perils of Sympathy" (Unwin), 6/0; Ford, J. B., "Helmsey's Princess" (Simpkin, Marshall), 1/0 net; Williamson, C. N. and A. M., "The Princess Passes" (Methuen), 6/0.

Reprints and New Editions

Swinburne's Poems, Vol. II. (Chatto & Windus).
Thackeray's Ballads and Verses (Macmillan), 3/6.
Maxwell's Life of Wellington (Hutchinson), 1/0 net.
Cooper, J. F., *The Last of the Mohicans* (Richards), 1/0 net.
Dekker, T., *Old Fortunatus* (Dent), 1/0 net.
Massinger, P., *A New Way to Pay Old Debts* (Dent), 1/0 net.
Tolstoy's "Bethink Yourselves!" (Free Age Press), 1/0.

Sixpenny Reprints

Hope, A., *The Indiscretion of the Duchess* (Arrowsmith).

Periodicals, &c.

"Twentieth Century Home," "Review of Reviews," "The Lamp," "The London," "American Antiquarian," "Cassell's Russo-Japanese War," "Photo-Miniature," "Occasional Papers," "Artsman," "Library Assistant," "The Library," "Girl's Realm," "American Journal of Mathematics."

Booksellers' Catalogues

Messrs. Derry & Sons, Limited (*Library Bulletin*), Nottingham; Mr. Bertram Dobell (*General*), 77 Charing Cross Road, W.C.

Egomet

I SUPPOSE there are even more haunting phrases in words than in music? What, I have often asked myself, if any are the peculiar merits that give common life to a half-dozen or so of words? Two there certainly are—alliteration and aptness. When both are combined a phrase may, indeed, hope for long life. I wonder how few quotations there would be in common English use if Shakespeare had never written and the Bible had never been translated? And the style of these quotations is so similar that, but for actual knowledge, it would be difficult, if not impossible, to state with certainty whether a quoted phrase were from the Bible or from Shakespeare. Alliteration has sometimes given currency to untruths, as the evil saying that "*honesty is the best policy*."

APTNESS, however, can plead "not guilty" to the propagation of falsehood, and is, I take it, "what oft was thought but ne'er so well expressed." "That is true enough," I say to myself when I come across a thought aptly expressed, and so I imagine do you say to yourself. In this aptness lies, I fancy, the life of a haunting phrase. The thought need not be new; indeed, can a thought be new? But when a master writer sets down that thought for us in apt words, the thought is crystallised and becomes a gem. "'Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all," "To be or not to be? that is the question," "Ye have the poor always with you"—these and many another are no additions to the world's fund of thought, but they have now been said once and for all. By the way, I have probably quoted inaccurately, as we all do. My memory for words is wretched, and I am far from all my books, save two or three intimate friends that I have by me.

BUT apart from phrases which haunt the common ear there are others which ring and ring in the mental ears of each one of us. What those are which haunt me I need not say. Why they should haunt me I could not explain and you could not understand. But it is just this—that they contain truths that come home to

my heart and bosom, sometimes hurting me, sometimes giving me the deepest pleasure. Is it not so with you?

THERE is one phrase which I hear again and again, and to which I for long attached what I have found to be an erroneous meaning. Is it not strange that its author should have said one thing and that I—and probably others—have been grateful to him for saying quite another thing? A little child, in whose companionship I took great delight, died young. His heart had not lost the ignorance of innocence and his eyes had not seen anything of evil. In the midst of my sorrow came to me the consolation of a haunting phrase: "Those whom the gods love die young." Often as the years went by when the memory of my little playmate came back to me, there came to me also the consolation of that phrase. Then, reading one night by my fireside, I came across the truth, and my consolation, though not taken away from me, lies no more in that haunting phrase.

SETTING aside all questions of religion, how much consolation has come to sorrowful souls from haunting phrases from the Bible? "Come unto me . . . and I will give you rest." Be our belief what it may, or our disbelief, does not that phrase—the mere music of it maybe, the mere promise of peace—drop "as the gentle rain from heaven"?

A PHRASE may justify a policy, as "Peace—with honour." There is more power in one apt phrase than in a world of argument, and it is vain for the vainest of us to deny it.

How many of these haunting phrases are stored away in my mind; yet how few I can recall at desire. Like ghosts, they only walk at their own sweet will; some touch upon the chords of memory: some coincidence brings back to my mind the haunting words, a phrase, perchance, seldom before recalled, which, perhaps, will never come to life again. What a wonderful book could I write and I could but recall all the apt phrases I have read!

E. G. O.

The Work of Herbert Spencer

XIII.—The Test of Truth

IT is not possible here to consider the contributions of Spencer to psychology, the one branch of science in which he was a specialist—a master both of principles and details, to quote the authoritative obituary notice in "Nature." Though Locke's immortal essay lay upon his father's shelves, Spencer did not acquire enough interest in the science of mind even to impel him to the opening of any work that dealt with it, until his meeting with Lewes, in his thirty-first year, led him to read that "Biographical History of Philosophy" which has opened a door into a new world for so many of us before even emerging from our teens.

But when at length Spencer did awake to the fascinations of psychology, he forthright proceeded, with the audacity of genius, to plan a book of at least two volumes, which was to deal with the whole subject. We need not wonder that the project languished, until there

came to Spencer a new idea which sufficed to spur him to his task. Eventually there appeared the epoch-making "Principles of Psychology" (1855), recast by its author fifteen years later.

The original idea referred to was first given expression in "The Westminster Review," in an essay called "The Universal Postulate." And I choose this particular idea for discussion here, not only because of its influence in the production of Spencer's second book, but also because of its profound importance. Not that this idea has in any way influenced subsequent psychology, as have such conceptions as that which refers the origin of will to reflex action: but the philosophic importance of the question greatly transcends that of any department in psychology proper.

Spencer asked himself this question: By what criterion, in the last resort, can we judge of the truth of

any proposition? Since his answer no other has been given, though destructive criticism has of course been essayed. Yet few will dispute the following:

One might have supposed that as a needful preliminary to a systematic discussion—especially a discussion concerning the nature of things—the disputants would agree on some method of distinguishing propositions which must be accepted from propositions which it is possible to deny. May not one fairly say that those who decline to accept a test proposed, and also decline to furnish a test of their own, do so because they are half conscious that their opinions will not bear testing?

What, then, is Spencer's ultimate criterion of belief? It is simply that "*in the last resort we must accept as true a proposition of which the negation is inconceivable.*" The inconceivability of its negation is our ultimate criterion of a certainty. Now we must consider what Spencer means by the word *inconceivable*. One academic critic, whose helplessness almost excites sympathy, feeling himself bound to offer what opposition he may to any Spencerian dictum, can find nothing more to say than that Spencer fails to distinguish between inconceivable and unimaginable. But Spencer does distinguish: and the distinction is to be found enforced not once but often in his writings. It is true that he does not use the confusing and question-begging term unimaginable; but no one was ever clearer than he is in condemning what he calls a pseud-idea. And the unimaginable is distinct from the inconceivable only when a pseud-idea, as that of a moral fluid, is involved. Let us take an instance.

The primary axiom that a thing cannot both be and not be at the same time—known as the principle of contradiction or, as Sir William Hamilton preferred, of non-contradiction—is a truth of the highest certainty, because one cannot conceive its negation. But if one cannot conceive it, can one imagine it? I trow not. That two and two are four is similarly—despite the dictum of Mill—a truth of the highest certainty, because one cannot conceive its negation. The objector might answer with a case within my own experience, of a man who believed that two and two are four and a quarter, and whom no arguments could convince of his error. But would I be entitled to say that my friend could conceive the negation of the proposition that two and two are four? Surely I was right in thinking that he was obsessed by a pseud-idea—an idea of which the elements, as Spencer says, "cannot be combined in consciousness." And I maintain the truth of my judgment by observing that my friend never did really combine the ideas of two and two so as to make them four and a quarter. His idea was thus *imaginable*—if we are to use that word—but not *conceivable*: any more than the idea of a moral fluid or a square idea is a conception. And, as a matter of fact, I made my friend's acquaintance in a lunatic asylum. This, curiously enough, was his one delusion.

Space fails me. I can merely recommend to the reader, as an interesting exercise, the application of this criterion to his own beliefs. So one may discover the very grave significance of that phrase, "the highest certainty." Thus judged, your belief in, let us say, the law of gravitation, is at once seen not to be possessed of the highest validity. You can conceive the negation of the Newtonian law. Our belief in universal gravitation is no more than a matter of faith, as I have more than once asserted in this place. But Spencer has shown that our belief in the law of the Conservation of Energy is of quite another order. You cannot conceive of the creation of a new iota of energy out of nothing, or of the annihilation of an iota of energy, any more than you

can conceive of the creation of the Universe out of nothing. You can indeed *imagine* both, but that merely by cozening yourself with a pseudo-conception the elements of which you cannot combine. This any one may observe for himself by attempting to conceive of creation: not content to accept words without translating them into the ideas for which they stand.

I need hardly say that Imagination—the crowning glory of all genius and all art—is not even alluded to in this essay. To imagine that twice two is four and a quarter and to imagine the "Eroica" Symphony or the sway of universal gravitation are acts not even remotely allied. Here's to the day when men have evolved an adequate language, in place of the inchoate product which fetters us!

C. W. SALEEBY.

Musical Speech

MUSIC—as everybody knows—is an universal language; but only as one listens to some message from abroad is it borne in on one that it is a language with very limited powers of expression—a language in which broad statements can be made, but which has no ability to express details. Music can be sombre or sunshiny, serious or joyous, frivolous, grotesque, even horrible, but no more; it cannot tell us whence the emotions uttered have arisen. A mournful music is merely mournful, but the cause of the mourning cannot be told us by the music alone. All this is trite enough, but its sheer truth was urged upon me recently as I listened, at the Queen's Hall, to Tchaikovsky's B minor Symphony, which the composer first called a "Programme Symphony," afterward accepting the suggested title "Pathetic." Writing of this composition Tchaikovsky said that he was working upon a new symphony, "this time with a programme; but a programme of the kind which remains an enigma to all: let them guess who can. . . . While composing it in my mind I frequently shed tears"; then eventually he dubs it "Pathetic."

But should music be enigmatical? Should the listener be compelled to seek for a meaning in what he hears? Should not a concert piece be rather a beautiful expression of some simple emotion? The expression may be complex, but surely the emotion should be simple. In other forms—such, for example, as opera—the emotions can be complex, for then the musical expression is aided by the words and actions of the characters. Tchaikovsky having told us that his symphony is "Pathetic," we have authority for believing that as we listen to it emotions of pity and sorrow should be aroused in us. Are they? Taking the music as a whole, I fancy they seldom are. There are passages of beautiful and singular mournfulness, but the impression made by them is evanescent, and is destroyed by other passages of mere musical clamour. In a few words, has not Tchaikovsky attempted in this Symphony to express a complex emotional state, forgetting that such a state cannot be expressed by music without the aid of words? It is as though Elgar had written a "Gerontius Symphony"; the music of "Gerontius" is only to be understood and admired in connection with the poem. Is it not open to question, then, whether Tchaikovsky, in common with many other modern composers, has not tried to say more in this universal language than it is possible to say?

Another question arose in my mind on the same occasion. Is it not conceivable that music which to a

Russian mind would convey intense pathos, would to an English ear strike quite a different note? In music, as in other arts, so much is dependent upon association. Take a simple example; in the same composer's "Marche Slave" the occurrence of the Russian National Anthem conveys a distinct message to a Slave listener; to us it is merely the introduction of a fine melody; the converse would be true had "God Save the King" been utilised. Such an example is of course crude, but it points the way to what I mean: that certain turns of melody, certain accustomed phrases—if I were speaking of words I should say certain familiar intonations—will convey one meaning to one ear and another to the auditor of an alien race. Is it not, then, more than likely that the "Pathetic Symphony" is infinitely more pathetic to a Russian audience than to a British? To all audiences it is splendid music, but the emotions aroused by it must vary, I think, and therefore it fails to attain the highest greatness, for a great writer so delivers his messages that he cannot be misunderstood.

Visions of Fancy

"To see the world in a grain of sand
And a heaven in a wild flower;
Hold infinity in the palm of your hand,
And eternity in an hour."

FEW are there who might say with William Blake, "To me this world is all one continued vision of fancy or imagination," and yet sometimes the world of everyday makes way for the "visions of fancy." The soul is straitened and would fain behold greater beauty and she unwittingly calls to her aid the eye of imagination. So Blake beheld a tree covered with angels in white garments where another might have seen only the white may-blossom. For me never have the heavens been opened, but at times a divine change has passed over the city streets. A mirage of blue mountains has seemed the goal of some dusty thoroughfare: trees and green fields have refreshed my eyes in places where if I have revisited them on some less happy day I would find only the narrow streets and the mean houses. But one place there was, a room near the City's heart, where my spirit might find rest, and this was ever haunted by the same vision of peace. From the window I saw quiet fields and a tranquil stream, and when I enter that room again in my thoughts I see always those fields and the silver thread winding among them.

MONA WILSON.

The Spirit of Delight

"But above all other things,
Spirit, I love thee;
Thou art love and life! Oh come!
Make once more my heart thy home!"

THE sea was a sheet of silver with a line of shadowy hills behind, and clouds lay low on the mountain making Hymettus, Pentelicon and Parnes alike long formless ridges. The plain and mountain slopes were painted grey and silver and misty blue and green. I pillowed my head on a dry bush of fragrant thyme and watched the quivering of the poplar leaves. The scene brought to mind others, but of greater loveliness, in England and in France, for its own intimate and individual beauty was absent. The skies and hills and woods lacked the radiance native to them, and were

oppressed as the human soul abandoned by the spirit of delight is oppressed. I thought of the long months passed amidst scenes of varied loveliness which I beheld in wonder and in awe, but without that spirit which alone draws the soul very near to beauty. Suddenly I perceived that all the clouds had vanished! sea and sky shone purest blue, and Hymettus was robed in violet splendour. Then I knew that, though it might be rarely, the spirit of delight would come again, that my soul might rejoice unclouded in the presence of beauty.

MONA WILSON.

The Past and Future of Our Drama—V

BUT quite the most instructive example for our present purpose is that of the theatre of Donna Maria II. in Lisbon, which I will set forth somewhat fully, following closely the wording of the Return. In the first half of last century there arose in Portugal an agitation somewhat similar to that now being raised in this country, the outcry being that the Government—or some one—should do something in the cause of dramatic art. In the year 1841 £20,000 was granted for the erection of the theatre of Donna Maria II. for the perfecting of the drama and for the providing of an adequate school for actors. The State gave liberal assistance; an elaborate constitution was drawn up; high were the expectations of success; but in October 1847 the scheme collapsed. After various experiments, not one of which proved satisfactory, in 1898 a law was passed decreeing a constitution, under which the theatre is now able to pay its way—that and no more. This constitution is interesting to us as it shows one method of maintaining a repertoire theatre without a direct subsidy from the State.

I will now quote the Return verbatim:

"Certain actors are allowed to go into partnership and take over the theatre with the free use of the building, its properties and scenery, which, however, they have to insure, and pay the necessary premiums, the Government, on the other hand, engaging to keep the building in repair. New properties and scenery purchased by the actors remain their property if the concession is withdrawn by the Government, but are confiscated if the partnership is dissolved from any other cause. The partners are nominated by the Government from a list of candidates, and are fixed at sixteen. They are divided into three classes, with proportionate shares of profits, the Government reserving to itself the right of filling the vacancies. A manager and treasurer are elected each year at a general meeting, the former being entitled to 5 per cent. of the net profits in addition to his remuneration as a partner, and a right of appeal from his decisions is allowed to the Royal Commissioner.

"Actors retiring after ten years' service are not entitled to a pension; after fifteen years they receive a half pension, and after twenty years they obtain full pension, the amount of which for the members of the first class is £180 per annum, for the second class £120 per annum. The fund for the payment of these pensions is constituted by a charge of 5 per cent. on the net profits of the theatre, upon authors' royalties, the proceeds of two entertainments to be given each year, the amount of the industrial tax paid by the members of the company, and the stamp duty on their placards, which is handed over for this purpose in virtue of a Decree published in July, 1899.

"Another order was issued in September of the same year to the effect that on the death of those actors who received pensions under the old system, the sums paid to them by the Government should be continued to be paid to the treasurer of the fund, so that it at present represents a comparatively large amount, and is increasing rapidly.

"The season commences in October and lasts for eight months, and the company gives representations in the provinces during at least two months of the year.

"There is a provision in the Regulations that, should a dramatic school be founded at any time by the Government, the company is bound to allow the scholars to take parts for which they may be competent and to pay them for their services. The actors of the company are expected also to take part in the pieces represented by the scholars, and to lend the theatre for such representations on payment only of the general expenses.

"Last year some small modifications were introduced; the first class is subdivided into two sections, each with different shares in the profits, and the actresses in each class receive one-fifth more than the actors of the same grade."

In the United States of America there are no subsidised theatres. From the examples selected it will be seen that a repertoire theatre is a costly cure, if cure it be, for it has never yet been proved that such an institution has had any beneficial influence upon the drama, admirable though its effect may have been on the actors' art.

W. T. S.

The Training of an Artist

VIII

As regards the training required to make the artist, then, we have arrived at the following conclusions: that the Royal Academy is utterly parochial; that as regards mere technical training it is more profitable to go to Paris; that an artist, as a matter of fact, wherever he go, can rely altogether on no school, but must almost wholly educate himself; that from the very start of his schooling he should give some part of his day to creative work, *i.e.*, he should be trying to express his own individual ideas; that the best schooling is to see all the artistic work of others, especially of the original men of his own day, and then go home and try to express himself in rivalry with them, using their successful means of expressing dignity or merriment or seriousness or laughter or pity or pathos in terms that suit his mood—for instance, using a bravura touch and light handling for a bright, happy subject, or a large, deep-resounding treatment for a great and solemn idea; that mere copying of others is futile, but that every artist of original powers teaches us some telling means of stating ourselves, or impregnates our faculties with some mastery over line or colour or massing that brings us to increasing mastery over our tools; that genius, before it can state itself with power, must first of all have mastered the grammar of technique and have made of craftsmanship a pronounced habit.

And now as to the Royal Academy. The Lords Committee appointed to inquire into the administration of the Chantrey Bequest has publicly found, and could not

but find, though it gives its finding in as gentle terms as possible, that the whole choice and selection of pictures for the nation by that body has been a pitiful display of incapacity. But the Chantrey Bequest is only a small part of a whole wide system that has fallen into utter pettiness. It is no use blaming individuals. Nearly every member of eminence in the Royal Academy to-day has condemned the institution. There is no need to go a-proving the fact, for it is thus stated in the confessional of every competent "Immortal"—the long and the short of the whole business is that the Royal Academy is an utterly parochial concern.

Can it be cured of so deep-seated a disease as itself?

It would require no colossal intellect to plan a better Academy. To begin with, the whole spirit of the Royal Academy is petty. The Academy looks upon Art as a thing that has achieved itself, as having won and done its highest possible achievement in the past. Whereas Art is only in its infancy. In the lap of the coming years lies some majestic masterpiece quite as sublime as the Sphinx, perhaps one of the most sublime works of art ever created by mortal hands. In the ages lie unborn mighty works of art that shall make the glory of Michelangelo and Rembrandt and Velasquez seem almost little. Such a simple truth is not only not to be found as the splendid centre of life in the acts of the Royal Academy, but would probably frighten nearly every fortieth part of Immortality out of what little wits a merciful Providence has given him. Be you sure of this, that an art that considers itself complete is dead—and what sign of life remains in its body is but the stirring of the grave-worms.

The second great fallacy, and just as much at the source of the Royal Academy's chiefest failure, is its bed-ridden attitude towards art as a whole. The Academy looks upon art as the painting of easel-pictures to hang in the rooms of the well-to-do. With a smirk, the Academician would probably throw in statuary and, rather questioningly, architecture. In fact, the Academy is grown so parochial that it fears to realise how great it might be. If art be severed from the crafts and the factories, if it be torn from architecture and the furnishings of the home and the beautifying of public places, then it is a limping weak thing that but flutters along the ground with clipped wings; and the whole strength of the Royal Academy has been employed so to limit and hedge about and maim this majestic thing. If the Royal Academy is to be the great national institution that it should be, then it must be brought into close touch with the manufacturer and the craftsman. In such a splendid event we shall perhaps see the glories of English pottery revived, and the beauties of Bow and Lowestoft and Chelsea arise again and walk over the land; we may see the jerrybuilder and the maker of hideous things scotched and ruined; we may find the shops being searched for the beautiful things of to-day, instead of the auction-rooms thronged with the men that hold the purses of the nation, scrambling to purchase the works of art of the dead past.

Correspondence

The Novelist's Limitations

SIR,—E. G. O., in discoursing about a novel which he had read and not finished, mentions the pivot of its plot, which to me seems curiously suggestive. Its literary hero, fearful of *writing himself out*, discards literature in order to woo an heiress. The dread of not being able to continue to draw on his imaginative resources, stultifying his energy, urges him to abandon his favourite pursuit.

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This hero, it seems to me, was wise. He knew his limitations. He gauged the mind's creative powers and would not foist dull echoes of former thoughts upon his weary readers.

The suggestiveness of this is worth considering. Apart from the historian and scientist who collect facts and comment on them, or the traveller who limns impressions or experiences in words, it seems to me that the novelist, and especially the voluminous one, must unconsciously reproduce favourite thoughts in other verbal garbs. Ordinary talent is restricted and hedged. Its inspiration is confined—and it soon reaches its limitations. Unfortunately, the reader's patience is likewise exhausted.

"The Saturday Review" only lately, in a trenchant criticism upon a popular novel, quoted a simile which its author, perhaps unconsciously, used thrice. In that deservedly famous book "Sir Richard Calmady," a certain country scene is described with wearisome iteration. These are the portions of the novel which the judicious reader lightly skips. A careful study of Thackeray's works would reveal his partiality for certain phases of satirical thought which are phrased over and over again almost *ad nauseam*. But space prevents me from citing any more instances. Novelists who write an annual novel may be deemed prolific writers; *au fond* the sole novelty about each successive book is often its new designation. Only intellectual giants have that supreme imagination capable of delineating the endless characters, the diversified aspects of humanity, the multiform workings of the human heart; the lesser minds soon exhaust themselves; the fount becomes arid.—
Yours, &c.,
ISIDORE G. ASCHER.

"Academy" Questions & Answers

Questions and Answers for this column must be addressed to THE EDITOR, THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE, 9 East Harding Street, London, E.C. The envelope to be marked in the top left-hand corner "A.Q.A." Each Question or Answer must be written on a separate sheet of paper and on only one side of the paper, which must bear the sender's full name and address, not necessarily for publication. The Editor will not undertake the forwarding of any correspondence. Questions must be confined to matters of Literature, History, Archaeology, Folk-lore, Art, Music and the Drama. The Editor reserves the right of deciding whether or not any Question or Answer is of sufficient interest to be published.

Questions must not be such as can be answered from the ordinary works of reference.

COMPETITION.

Until further notice, four prizes, of the value of 5/- each, will be awarded weekly for the two best Questions and the two best Answers contributed to "Academy" Questions and Answers.

The Editor's decision must be considered absolutely final and no correspondence whatever will be entered upon with regard to the awards. The names and addresses of prize-winners will not be published, but the winning Questions and Answers will be indicated by an asterisk. Each prize will consist of 5/- worth of books to be chosen by the several prize-winners. The name and address of the booksellers where the book or books can be obtained will be given. Winners outside the United Kingdom will receive a cheque for 5/-. No competitor can win a prize more than once in three months.

One of the four weekly prizes will be awarded, whenever possible, to a Shakespearean Question or Answer.

Non-adherence to the rules and regulations of "Questions and Answers" will inply disqualification.

Questions

SHAKESPEARE.

* "THE TAMING OF THE SHREW."—There is a famous old Italian story by an anonymous author, "La Novella del Grasso Legnaiuolo," the hero of which is made to believe, by a well contrived series of tricks certain pals of his play upon him, that he is another person. Has the similarity of this story to the plot of the Induction to "The Taming of the Shrew" been pointed out, and is it probable that Shakespeare got the idea of Tinker Sly from the story of the fat Floristine cabinet-maker?—*E. Dick* (Berne).

* COULD JOHN SHAKESPEARE WRITE?—Mr. Sidney Lee, in the last edition (1904) of his "Stratford-on-Avon" (p. 108), says: "Between 1565 and 1579, whenever he (the poet's father) attached his mark to official documents (he could not write), he rudely drew the glover's trade-mark." But Mr. Harold Baker, in "The Collegiate Church of Stratford-on-Avon," &c. (Bell & Sons, 1923), p. 50, says: "In the Record Room at the birthplace are volumes of accounts, among which are those made by John Shakespeare, although there is a popular superstition that he could not write his own name; and the account for the year 1566 is headed: 'The compt of Willm. Tylor and Willm. Smythe, chamberlains, made by John Shakespeare.'" How are these two statements to be reconciled?—*A.R.B.* (Malvern).

APES IN HELL.—In "The Taming of the Shrew" (II. i. 33-4) Catharine says:

I must dance barefoot on her wedding day,
And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell.

Catharine, of course, alludes to the lot befalling the souls of spinsters, the apes representing, as I take it, the souls of departed bachelors. Is this according to English folk-lore? According to Swiss folk-lore, bachelors do turn into apes, and are confined, not to hell, but to *Affenwald*, whence they must listen to the plaintive cries of the peewits; that is, the ghosts of old maids that haunt peewit-moor (*Girritzenmoos* or *Kiebitzenmoos*) just by. I have also read of a similar belief obtaining in Denmark.—*E. Dick* (Berne).

GENERAL.

CURFEW.—I should be glad if any reader could give me any light on the following subject: "Curfew." The etymology of this word has always been taken to be O.Fr. *correfeu* (*courrir* and *feu*). Undoubtedly the result of the ringing of the bell was the putting out of all lights and fire. But we are now told that this etymology is a striking instance of mistaken popular etymology which has deceived even scholars. The word "curfew" is said to be connected with "carfax"—a place where four roads meet. The word is still so used at Oxford. The explanation is that the bell was rung in the evening at the cross-roads. Dr. Murray is said to have been persuaded of the truth of this etymology, but too late for insertion in his new dictionary. Can any reader point to any textual evidence in support of this new etymology, or explain why even scholars have fallen into this error of popular etymology, if such it be?—*R. B. Appleton* (Bradford).

QUID EST VERITAS?—What is the origin of the anagram?—

Quid est Veritas?
Vir est qui adest.

—*Fred. R. Coles* (Edinburgh).

TOSSEING.—Where can one find the earliest recorded instance of "tossing" with a coin to decide between two alternatives?—*H.W.M.* (Manchester).

INFLUENZA.—In Miss Austen's "Emma," chap. xii., the word *influenza* occurs in the following passage: "He had never known them [colds] more general or heavy, except when it had been quite an *influenza*." Does Miss Austen allude to the complaint we call *influenza* now? When did the term come into use, and was it introduced from England into the German-speaking countries, where it became familiar about twelve years ago?—*E. Dick* (Berne).

Answers

SHAKESPEARE.

SHILOKE.—This name may have been derived by the poet from a pamphlet called "Caleb Shilloke his prophcie, or the Jewes Prediction"; the Pepsysian ballad on the same subject belongs to 1607; to the same year belongs a prose piece printed at the end of a rare tract called "A Jewes Prophecie, or Neues from Rome of Two Mighty Armies," &c. Its ultimate origin is unknown; it may have been an Italian name, *Scialocca*. According to Hunter, *Scialac* was the name of a Maronite of Mount Libanus, who was living in 1614. The above information will be found in a note by Mr. Israel Gollancz in "The Temple Shakespeare."—*A.R.B.*

* BAHAMAS.—The Bahamas have never been known as "the islands of the Bohemias," and the reference to them as such, in a document in the Public Record Office, must be due, as your correspondent suggests, to the blunder of a Government clerk. When Columbus discovered and landed on one of the islands—which, it is impossible to say with any certainty—they were known to the Carib inhabitants as *Lucayas* or *Lucayos*. After the islands had become Spanish possessions, they were given their present name. The most westerly island was already known as *Bahama*—a native word—and it was owing to this that the Spaniards named the group the Bahamas. In Herrera's map of 1601 the most westerly island is marked "Grand Bahama," the name which it bears at the present day.—*H.C.M.*

GENERAL.

"MAGDALENE" AND "MAGDALEN."—*A.L.M.* (Oxford) is under a wrong impression if he thinks that the college at Cambridge is pronounced "Magdalene," as it is written. "Magdalene" College is always called "Maudlin" at Cambridge, just as "Magdalen" is at Oxford.—*M.A.C.*

"MAGDALENE."—Your correspondent *A.L.M.* (Oxford) writes as if he supposes "Magdalene" College, Cambridge, to be pronounced as it is spelled. As an old Cambridge man, I may mention that it always was pronounced in my time, and I believe is still, "Maudlin," as at Oxford. In fact, I do not see the point of your correspondent's answer; he surely does not mean that Cambridge is more careful of classical learning than Oxford.—*H.B.F.*

MAGDALENE COLLEGE (CAMBRIDGE).—(a) Wilson's "Memorabilia Cantabrigie" (1803) states that Lord Audley, as second founder, obtained a grant from Henry VIII., and incorporated the society by the name of "The Masters and Fellows of St. Mary Magdalen College." (b) Cooper's "Athenæ Cantabrigienses" (1858) also refers to this college as Magdalen. I have before me a letter signed by the late Lord Braybrooke, dated from Magdalene Lodge; it can, then, be safely inferred from the evidence of the above well-known authorities that the name has been altered within recent years. The Greek derivation from "Magdalene," however, supports the final *e*.—*W.F.T.* (Disley).

* AUTHOR FOUND.—"When half the world's a bridegroom and half the world's a bride." The author is Mr. William Watson. The two following lines are from the second stanza of his "Ode in May":
And half of the world a bridegroom is,
And half of the world a bride.—*H.P.W.*

MACARONICS.—In his "Dainty Hints for Epicurean Smokers," contributed to the New York "Wine Press," a journal published before 1867, I find the following verse by Charles G. Leland:

Ita dixit ille Rector,
Er wolt's nicht anders han,
Vale semper bone Lector,
Lug du und stoss dich dran.
Gut Gesell ist Rinckman.—*Lillian.*

"PILL GARLICK."—My mother tells me that she remembers her mother using the expression "Pill Garlick" rather in the sense of "scapegoat." If something went wrong and she had to pay for it, without being exactly responsible, she would say, "Oh well, Pill Garlick has to pay." This does not explain your correspondent's question as to Steele's use of the name, but may, nevertheless, be of interest.—*M.S.*

"PILL GARLICK."—In Brewer's "Phrase and Fable" he spells above "Pill Garlic," and explains it as follows: "Peeled garlic. Lepers had to 'peel' their own garlic, and so were nicknamed Pill Garlicks."—*P.O.C.* (Llyth).

AUTHOR FOUND.—"Ah, Mary Vance," &c. The verse beginning with this line is from Norman Gale's "Mary Vance," in his volume entitled "A Country Muse."—*H.H.S.* (Folkestone).

PRIZES.—The asterisks denote the two questions and two answers to which prizes have been awarded. The winners can obtain, on application at the following booksellers, Five Shillings' worth of books. Notices have been dispatched to the several winners and to booksellers whose names follow:

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